

Pro Wrestling Sushi

#115

Jeff Mullins, Editor, P.O. Box 36189, San Jose, CA 95158-6189

Hello, everyone! Welcome back to Sushiland. I'm Jeff Mullins, your tour guide into the next thousand years of professional wrestling...and beyond!

As promised, here's another whenever-it-can-be-published issue of Pro Wrestling Sushi. Also, this is the final issue of a crotch-chopping, finger-giving, missile-drop-kicking, bizarre, weary old millennium, at the end of which an incredibly large-breasted WCW female wrestler named Madusa became Cruiserweight Cham-pee-yon of the Worrrrld and, in doing so, restored credibility to a men's division which, for too many years, has been totally misbooked, botched to hell, mishandled and misunderstood, even by hundreds of earnest Japanese flyers, nimble Mexican luchadores, and capable U.S. and Canadian workers who did not possess the wisdom or courage to have their boobs surgically altered. Yes, tons of T&A! Just two PARTS of what graps in the new millennium is ALL about!

Pro wrestling during the next and future millenniums?

Think, for a moment (with apologies to Bret Hart), about what pro wrestling is, was, and ever will become during the new and future millenniums?!

Are you thinking about it? (You can bet Phil Muchnick of the NY Post is thinking about it!) ...Scary, isn't it?

Taste and credibility-wise, the way things are going these days in wrestling, in society in general, and on TV, soon, during the new millennium, one of wrestling-history's biggest "screw-jobs" will no longer be what happened to Bret "Hit Man" Hart in Montreal, when Vince McMahon humiliated him and screwed him out of the Heavyweight belt and a multi-million dollar contract in front of a hometown Canadian crowd during a PPV match against Shawn Michaels.

No, history-to-be's BIGGEST "screw-job" is set to take place early in the new millennium when, during a live Monday Night Raw--during the War Zone second hour, of course, when responsible moms and dads have trundled the impressionable little ones off to bed, Vince McMahon's son, Shane, will drop his pants during a ratings sweep...and have sex with his kid sister Stephanie McMahon!!!

McMahon Family 'Observer Awards' in the new millennium

Numbed by having been raised amid the strange, make-believe, often lurid world of pro wrestling, having participated in too many stupid and immoral TV-angles, and as a result of a dumb booking idea to regain TV ratings lost to Vince Russo after he left the WWF and took over the creative reins at WCW from Eric Bischoff in 1999, one Monday night during the new millennium, Shane McMahon begins to simulate an incestual sex act on TV with his sister Stephanie (play-by-play by Jim Ross guarantees him another Wrestling Observer Newsletter Announcer of the Year Award) when, shockingly, he actually puts the old salami to her (earning the move Observer's Best Wrestling Maneuver of the Year Award). With Stephanie being so emotionally corrupted by the incredibly dehumanizing skits she's starred in, she doesn't know the difference between fake incest and real incest (which wins her Observer's Most Embarrassing Wrestler of the Year Award). Stephanie gets pregnant on TV (voted Observer's Most Disgusting Promotional Tactic of the Year), decides to have the baby anyway (her father fakes a heart attack and wins a TV Emmy for Best Actor in a Sports Entertainment Series, but the stunt garners Vince Worst Gimmick of the Year Award in the Observer) and, subsequently, during a key ratings week, she names her son Mortimer (which wins the Observer's coveted "Say, What?!" Award.)

As soon as Mortimer can crawl, he is pushed down everyone's throat as the dynamic bald-headed partner of "Stone Cold" Steve Austin, neither of whom can tag in, due respectively to injuries and lack of large motor skills, but they do terrific interviews, sell a lot of tee-shirts (and Little Stone Cold "Caca" logo-diapers) and, thanks mostly to Austin's interview skills and reputation, Austin and Mortimer capture Observer Tag Team of the Year and Rookie Midget of the Year Awards.)

In time, due to sponsor-shock and subsequent pull-out of advertising, the real problem is that nobody can truly believe in a superstar named Mortimer, and TV ratings and the price of WWFE stock plummet faster and deeper than the respective careers and various cleavages of Marc and Rena Mero.

Eventually, total control and ownership of the company reverts back to whatever the McMahon Family has genetically become, and for centuries down the road, the company flounders, until the day

when one of the great-great-great grandsons of Shane and Stephanie (a grandson whose genes got a bit, shall we say, crosswired and short-circuited due to Monday night inbreeding skits that went awry) thinks the WWF is nothing more than a piece of property on a MONOPOLY game board and, for a chance to own Park Place, he actually sells the WWF to the great-great-great grandson of Ted Turner!

Talk about world class screw jobs, heh? Yes, in the new millennium, with the stakes being raised higher and higher, nothing about professional wrestling will ever be the same? Or will it?

Macho Man and Hulkamania reborn in 3000A.D.?

A thousand years from now, Randy "Macho Man" Savage and "Hollywood" Hogan who, before they died, went on to break Lew Thesz's wrestling longevity record and the record for staying on top (as active workers whose only body parts which moved were their lips), will be cloned from dried blood cells (left on arena floors during the late 20th Century) and brought back to life.

In 3000 A.D., Randy and Hulk will be back, Macho Man snapping into genetically engineered Slim Jims, Hogan imploring little kids to say their prayers to Roddy "The God" Piper whose spirit lives on through the internet and whose current, nonsensical words and incomprehensible interviews will have been translated, like hieroglyphics from some existential Rosetta Stone, and given great spiritual significance and religious meaning by generations of DXers whose Saturday evenings on TBS, Monday nights on TNT and USA, and Thursday nights on TBS and UPN networks provided the basis for all they know about love, life, rassling and (thanks to the Undertaker-Kane skits) religion.

Instead of ripping tank-tops off his chest, a cloned, re-cloned, and re-re-cloned Hollywood Hogan will rip strips of actual flesh from his entire body to reveal the newly-reinvented-flavor-of-the-week-flavor-of-the-year-decade-and/or-century Hulkster! Who better to end one millennium, survive the next, and usher in Y3K, than the big blond dude-brother who seems to have been able to rise and fall, recover, reinvent himself, and remain a top player throughout the 1980s and 1990s?

Mickey Foley replaces Mickey Mouse as park's new icon!

Off course, one-thousand years from now, Paul E. Dangerously (who will have himself cryogenically frozen like Walt Disney did after he died in the mid-1900s) will thaw-out and accidentally become hooked-up and brain-spliced to the mind and body of the unfrozen Mr. Disney.

Together, Paul E. and Walter D. will turn ECW around, over-take the WWF, and become the number one sports-entertainment promotion in the world, where "hands-on" fan participation and pro wrestling will combine to take place in a totally revamped, renamed SMACKDOWN DISNEYLAND!

Thanks to the ability of new millennium medical science (to instantly heal any cut, repair any wound, mend any broken limb, and cure any brain-stem injury), theme park attendees will be encouraged to load up on metal folding chairs, allowed to carry weapons of all shapes and sizes into the park (including X-Acto Knives with razor blades) and invited to jump into rings located around the park where, for instance, park goers can see how many times they can deliver brutal chairshots to the actual preserved skull of Mick Foley before it bursts open like a Pinata, kick wrestlers in the nuts without being thrown out of the park, and gig or get gigged to bloody ribbons at the New Jack interactive zone.

With so many wrestlers going into mainstream politics...

Will there be any wrestlers left to wrestle during the next millennium?

And where does this leave all the out-of-work politicians?

It was bound to happen.

With professional wrestlers like Jesse "Mind-over-Body" Ventura, "Teflon" Jerry Lawler, and Hollywood "I.Q." Hogan tossing their hats (boas, crowns or bandanas) into the rings of mainstream state, local and national politics, it was only a matter of time before mainstream politicians turned the table on grapplers and tossed THEIR bodies into the rings of professional wrestling.

According to Sushi News Service (SNS), following Ventura's election as Governor of Minnesota, Lawler's Memphis mayoral race announcement, and Hollywood Hogan's mind-numbing ramblings that he would or might or maybe will run for President in 2000, Newt Gingrich, the self-deposed former Republican Speaker of the House, who resigned his long-held Congressional seat, will embark upon a career in--you guessed it--pro wrestling!

Reportedly, Gingrich will begin his wrestling career with ECW, where, according to Gingrich, "Wrestling in ECW will be a piece of cake, seeing as how when I was Speaker of the House, the media and the Democrats threw everything BUT the kitchen sink at me during my battles there. I'd say my many years of brutal congressional feuds with the Democrats and the non-stop abuse from the media qualifies me for taking garbage can, chair, and bed-pan shots from the likes of New Jack and Taz!"

Gingrich said there were other factors which motivated him to embark upon a career of squared circle madness.

"In politics, whenever I lied my ass off (and got caught doing it), I'd either get my butt fried on the evening news by Dan Rather, censured by my fellow legislators, or fined a few bucks. But in pro wrestling, the bigger and better the prevarications, the more outlandish the indiscretions, a bigger the hero I will become, the more I will get paid, and the stronger my push will be! Oh, yeah, I'm gonna like a job where, like when Kevin Nash does it constantly, sticking my foot in my mouth is considered cool instead of being a fool!"

Russo has WCW headed in the right direction

Because I messed-up taping Raw on 12/20, I actually watched the entire three-hour Nitro, something I have not done in a long time and, to be honest, I have not even watched Nitro for almost three months. I actually enjoyed the 12/20 Nitro and saw a lot of differences in it which motivated me to watch (not tape) the entire two hours of Thunder the following Thursday evening. Vince Russo and Ed Ferrara (versus what Bischoff and Nash were doing before the change) have to be given a lot of credit for making WCW TV more watchable, more interesting, more compelling than a few months ago or I would not have watched any of it. Bottom line, based on what I saw Monday and Thursday nights, WCW is no longer boring and this has to be considered a plus and a good start for the new regime. Let's face it, when WCW can get me to watch an entire Piper interview, any Kevin Nash monologue, or any match with "Hacksaw" Jim Duggan in it, WCW is moving in the right direction. The way I see it, Russo and Ferrara are trying their best to give meaning to every wrestler, every angle, every skit, every interview, every match, essentially every second WCW is on TV. It is a tall order to fill, but you can tell they are trying to do just this. Sure, some of the TV will be stupid and seem without merit, but most of it is not boring anymore which is the kiss of death for anyone holding a TV remote control or fast-forward device, especially when a competing wrestling show is on the other channel. I also like the way Russo and Ferrara are using some of the big name old timers who, one would think, are past their primes---for instance, "Hacksaw" Jim Duggan, to put over some of the newer wrestlers. On their own, The Revolution and Filthy Animals (even with Shane Douglas and Konnan who have been around a while, but who are not big name celebrities no matter how talented, and even with Kidman and Misterio Jr. who are exciting performers) they are just a bunch of previously misused, uninteresting action figures who bounce around rings or yell into microphones without purpose, direction, or continuity. Somehow, with Duggan in the picture (even a Duggan who is fat, slow, and has not changed his gimmick in years), his former star status and the way Russo and Ferrara are using Duggan and using this status as a rub for the newer, younger guys to develop around, is, in my mind, excellent booking and, on-another-level-completely, a wonderful way for old timers like Duggan to earn a paycheck, give a little back to the sport, put younger guys over who deserve to be over instead of trying to bury them to advance your own long-gone career, and have self-respect. Who knows how many miles are left on Duggan's old legs and the old legs of other onetime big name wrestlers, especially if they are creatively used as a rub for the new talent?

Is anyone else finding the creepy Daphne Unger character with David Flair interesting? There is something about her (more than huge breasts) that makes me want to see more of her--and I'm not talking about her body. As for David Flair? It's riveting how much the make-up around his eyes and the little things he does remind one of pappia Ric. But will the kid become a sixty-minute man and be able to climb Space Mountain? . . . Champaign Chris Kanyon's new character and the way he immitates DDP, is hilarious. . . Can't we all sympathize with Buff Bagwell? Haven't we all come home at least once in our lives to find someone like Nitro Girl Kimberly Page naked in our beds and we have not handled it properly and all of a sudden you've got an angry husband wanting to kill you on TV during a main event or on PPV? Should Diamond Dallas Page remove that one-legged tilted windmill thing his does during his ring entrances? Either he's forgotten how to do it or it's looking very odd? It's as if Ric Flair forgot how to strut. . . Goldberg standing behind a soapy Kevin Nash while Big Sexy is taking a shower and shampoo on the 12/23 Thunder? Goldberg took so long before attacking Nash, I thought for a moment there he had something else in mind. Goldberg must be tough, though. Here he is at the end of Thunder punching windows out of a white limo, (some of the windows are not exactly breaking like the champaign bottles being broken over B.B. Bigelow's head), yet Goldberg keeps pounding away and splattering blood all over the limo's white paint job. Talk about juicing the hardway. . . I'm sure Juvi was funny when he joined the WCW announce team for one night, but Scott Hudson, who sat in during the 12/23 Thunder, is a breath of fresh air that won't run out of wind. . . Poor Bret Hart. Is there anyone who looks more bored and out of place? He can't even carry a baseball bat the right way. Do Canadians even play baseball? He carries the bat to the ring like it's a turd, which, when you come to think of it, and the way WCW has so overused it, maybe it is.

WWF wrestler's childhood was an extremely troubled one

[Who would have thought, at the end of the millennium, a book sitting atop the New York Times Best Seller list would be one written by a pro wrestler? Before reading Mick Foley's "Have a Nice Day" autobiography, I wondered how truthful or worked the book would be and if it's content would be totally up to Foley. Even then, I suspected it would be one of the best and closest to the truth books ever written by a famous pro wrestler. Alas, I now wonder why Mick omitted the following information from a Sushi New Service story, which, as best I can remember, may have been printed a few years ago but may not have been widely distributed or seen by most of you. -- JDM]

Sushi News Service (SNS) has learned from the father of Mick "Cactus Jack" Foley that (very much like his WWF character "Mankind") when Mick was a little boy, he enjoyed maiming and crippling other children.

"Yes," remembers Mick's father. "Whereas most boys Mick's age couldn't wait to get home from elementary school, put on their baseball caps and run out to the sandlot to play ball, Mick couldn't wait to get home, pull a dirty old jock-strap over his head, dress up in a burlap bag and hide in the bushes until the other boys were done playing ball. Then, when it started getting dark, when the other boys were on their way home, Mick would jump out from behind the bushes and attack them, stuffing Popsicle sticks, old sweat socks and dead gophers down their throats. God, we got a lot of phone calls from other parents back then!"

Mr. Foley also noted that when most kids wanted to play Cowboys and Indians, Mick always wanted to play Emergency Room Dentist or Oral Surgeon-Gone-Mad, and during Thanksgiving dinners, when most children would ask for a drumstick or wing, Mick would fall to his knees and scream for the turkey's head ("*...Please, mom, please, with the eyeballs still in it!*") and often he would ask, "Dad, why does our family always have to kill the turkey before we eat it?!"

According to Mr. Foley, birthday parties for young Mick were always a problem due to the rough way Mick played with other kids. "For instance, after playing 'Ring Around the Rosie, Pockets Full of Posies,' by the time the kids got to the part where everyone starts yelling 'Ashes, ashes, all fall down!' Mick was leaping off the top of the refrigerator and elbow-dropping his guests. 'Musical Chairs' was out of the question, of course, due to the fact that, with a hyper-active child like Mick and with his penchant for hitting people, all the chairs in the house had to be nailed to the floor. Then, there was the year when instead of playing 'Pin the Tail on the Donkey,' birthday boy Mick decided it would be fun to hand out thumb-tacks to everyone and play 'Pin the Tail on the *Blind-Folded Partygoer!*'"

Mr. Foley confided to SNS that he himself always slept with a can of pepper spray under his pillow and a loaded shotgun at his side. "The pepper spray was in case little Mick sleep-walked into our bedroom at night," Mr. Foley said. "And the shotgun was in case Mrs. Foley ever got to feeling frisky and started thinking she'd like to have more little Micks padding around the house!"

Mr. Foley also said he and his wife went bankrupt when their chinchilla-breeding business turned out to be a complete flop due to the fact that every time a litter came along, one by one, the little chinchilla pups would start disappearing.

"Now, I'm not implying Mick was responsible," Mr. Foley said, "but most mornings that damn boy never could explain the unusual amount of fur balls he'd start coughing up at the breakfast table!"

End of era when we knew what it was...and what it was not

Well, we have come to the end of an era. Who really knows where wrestling is headed or how it will even look a few years, let alone, a lot of years from now? Professional wrestling has changed so much since we first knew it. When I think back upon our favorite sport (before the word "entertainment" was openly admitted) there are things that flash across my mind from when I began loving wrestling as a child: the old Wrestling Review magazine--my black and white photo-window into the odd (Is it real or is it fake?) world of bloody men, flying drop kicks, Masked Assassins, and, for my money, the best wrestler-entertainer during that or any other era, someone I probably saw wrestle in person two hundred times at the Cow Palace in San Francisco and Civic Auditorium in San Jose, or watched on television on KTVU-Channel 2 from Oakland, California, on what seems like more Friday nights than stars in the sky--Ray Stevens, a nod I also give to end-of-the-century performers who kept my interest--Ric Flair, Bret Hart, and, surprisingly, a bunch of luchadores named Art Barr, Eddie Guerrero, Rey Misterio Jr., the original Psicosis, and an incredible masked Mexican-mini named Mascarita Sagrata from the old AAA-TV days on Galavision who, when they came to the San Jose State University Events Center in the mid 1990s, were just part of the best, all-around, fully loaded wrestling show I have ever witnessed. My biggest disappointment? Not what you might think--but that Ric Flair and Bret Hart never got to run a year-long program after Bret came into WCW following the Montreal fiasco. The wrestler I'd like to see make it big? Billy Kidman. Two wishes? That Dave Meltzer will live forever, and that more fun, mystery, and sense of community returns. The next issue of Sushi? Whenever... Take care, everyone. -- JDM

Four-pages of 'irregular' grappling fun now costs \$1 per ish

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